

Dead Winter Moon

Those Poor Bastards

Well come on Jacob
Come on John
I've got something I wanna show you
In the big black barn
But don't tell Lucy
Don't tell Ann
I'm afraid they might go snooping
'Round the big black barn

You gotta tiptoe through the sleeping trees
Past the dying bushes and the strangled breeze
You gotta backslide over hungry birds
Beneath the sleeping leaves
Speak in whispered words

Then follow the light
Of the dead winter moon
Yeah follow the light
Of the dead winter moon

You're sure to find me waiting
By the big black barn
Oh follow the light of the dead winter moon
Yeah follow the light of the dead winter moon